

THE

1607/5107  
J

# THE TRAGEDY OF JANE SHORE.

Written in Imitation of  
SHAKESPEARE's STYLE.

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE-S-ROYAL

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E

A N D

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

---

By N. ROWE, Esq;

---

*Conjux ubi pristinus illi  
Respondet Curis.*

VIRG.

---



---

L O N D O N :

Printed for and sold by W. OXLADE, at SHAKESPEARE'S  
HEAD, in GEORGE-STREET, OLD-BAILEY.

M D C C L X X V .

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

To-night, if you have brought your good old taste,  
We'll treat you with a downright English feast;  
A tale, which told long since in homely wise,  
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes.  
Let no nice Sir despise our hapless dame,  
Because recording ballads chaunt her name;  
Those venerable ancient song-enditers  
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:  
They caterwaul'd in no romantick ditty,  
Sighing for Phillis's, or Chloe's pity.  
Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,  
And sung her by her christian name—'twas Jane.  
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,  
But what we've gain'd in verse, we've lost in prose.  
Their words no shuffling, double-meaning knew,  
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.  
In such an age, immortal Shakespeare wrote,  
By no quaint rules, nor hamp'ring criticks taught;  
With rough majestick force he mov'd the heart,  
And strength and nature made amends for art.  
Our bumble author does his steps pursue,  
He owns he had the mighty bard in view;  
And in these scenes has made it more his care  
To rouse the passions, than to charm the ear.  
Yet for those gentle Beaux who love the chime,  
The ends of acts still jingle into rhyme.  
The Ladies, too, he hopes will not complain,  
Here are some subjects for a softer strain,  
A nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.  
What most be fears, is, lest the dames should frown,  
The dames of wit and pleasure about town,  
To see our picture drawn unlike their own.  
But lest that error should provoke to fury  
The hospitable hundreds of Old Drury,  
He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's defence,  
She dol'd about the charitable pence,  
Built hospitals, turn'd saint, and dy'd long since.  
For her example, whatsoe'er we make it,  
They have their choice to let alone or take it;  
Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet,  
To weep so sorely, for a sin so sweet:  
Or mourn and mortify the pleasant sense,  
To rise in tragedy two ages hence.



E P I-

# E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE modest matrons all, ye virtuous wives,  
 Who lead with boreid husbands, decent lives ;  
 You, who, for all you are in such a taking,  
 To see your spouses drinking, gaming, raking,  
 Yet make a conscience still of cuckold-making ;  
 What can we say your pardon to obtain ? }  
 This matter here was prov'd against poor Jane :  
 She never once deny'd it ; but, in short,  
 Whimper'd—and cry'd — Sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.  
 'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd soul,  
 We are not all so easy to controul :  
 I fancy one might find in this good town  
 Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own ;  
 Have answer'd smart,—To what do you pretend,  
 Blockhead ?—As if I must not see a Friend :  
 Tell me of Hackney Coaches—Jaunts to th' City—  
 Where should I buy my China ?—Faish, I'll fit ye—  
 Our wife was of a milder, meeker spirit ;  
 You ! — Lords and masters ! — was not that some merit ?  
 Don't you allow it to be virtuous bearing,  
 When we submit thus to your domineering ?  
 Well, peace be with her, she did wrong most surely ;  
 But so do many more who look demurely.  
 Nor shou'd our mourning madam weep alone,  
 There are more ways of wickedness than one.  
 If the reforming stage should fall to shaming  
 Ill-nature, pride, hypocrisy, and gaming ;  
 The poets frequently might move compassion,  
 And with She-tragedies o'er-run the nation.  
 Then judge the fair offender with good-nature,  
 And let your fellow-feeling curb your satire.  
 What if our neighbours have some little failing,  
 Must we needs fall to damning and to railing ?  
 For her excuse too, be it understood,  
 That if the woman was not quite so good,  
 Her lover was a king, she flesh and blood.  
 And since sh' has dearly paid the sinful score,  
 Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.

---

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Duke of GLOSTER,

Lord HASTINGS,

CATESBY,

Sir RICHARD RATCLIFFE,

BELLMOUR,

DUMONT.

### W O M E N.

ALICIA,

JANE SHORE.

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

---



T H E  
T R A G E D Y  
O F  
J A N E S H O R E.

A C T I.    S C E N E I.

S C E N E the Tower.

*Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Catesby.*

G L O S T E R.

**T**HUS far success attends upon our councils,  
And each event has answer'd to my wish;  
The queen and all her upstart race are quell'd;  
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers  
Ere this lies shorter by the head at Pomfret;  
The nobles have, with joint concurrence, nam'd me  
Protector of the realm: my brother's children,  
Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd  
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, Sirs,  
Does not this busines wear a lucky face?  
The sceptre and the golden wreath of royalty  
Seem hung within my reach.

*Ratcl.* Then take 'em to you,  
And wear 'em long and worthily: you are  
The last remaining male of princely York,  
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of 'em,)  
And the refor on your sov'reignty and rule  
The common-weal does her dependance make,  
And leans upon your highness' able hand.

### 3 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

*Cat.* And yet to-morrow does the council meet  
To fix a day for Edward's coronation.  
Who can expound this riddle?

*Gloft.* That can I.  
Those lords are each one my approv'd good friends,  
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom ;  
And howsoever busy they may seem,  
And diligent to bustle in the state,  
Their zeal goes on no further than we lead,  
And at our bidding stays.

*Cat.* Yet there is one,  
And he amongst the foremost in his power,  
Of whom I wish your highness were assur'd.  
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,  
I own I doubt of his inclining much.

*Gloft.* I guessthe man at whom your words wou'd point :  
*Hastings*—

*Cat.* The same.

*Gloft.* He bears me great good-will.

*Cat.* 'Tis true, to you, as to the lord protector  
And Gloster's duke, he bows with lowly service :  
But were he bid to cry, God save king Richard,  
Then tell me in what terms he would reply.  
Believe me, I have prov'd the man, and found him :  
I know he bears a most religious reverence  
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,  
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.  
Yet more—one of that stubborn sort he is,  
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,  
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,  
And sooner part with life than let it go.

*Gloft.* And yet this tough impracticable heart  
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl ;  
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures ;  
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimp'ring she  
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,  
And take the distaff with a hand as patient  
As e'er did Hercules.

*Rat.* The fair Alicia,  
Of noble birth and exquisite of feature,  
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.

*Cat.* I fear, he fails in his allegiance there ;  
Or my intelligence is false, or else  
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,  
And fed him till he loaths.

*Gloft.* No more, he comes.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

*L. Haf.* Health and the happiness of many days  
Attend upon your grace.

*Gloft.* My good lord chamberlajn !

We're

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 9

We're much beholden to your gentle friendship.

L. *Hast.* My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.

Gloft. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.

L. *Hast.* I am to move your highness in behalf  
Of Shore's unhappy wife.

Gloft. Say you, of Shore?

L. *Hast.* Once a bright star that held her place on high :  
The first and fairest of our English dames,  
While royal Edward held the sov'reign rule,  
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,  
Her wan'ing form no longer shall incite  
Envy in woman, or desire in man.  
She never sees the sun, but thro' her tears,  
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.

Gloft. Marry ! the times are badly chang'd with her  
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,  
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,  
Piping and playing, minstrelsy and masquing ;  
'Till life fled from us like an idle dream,  
A shew of mommery without a meaning.  
My brother, rest and pardon to his soul,  
Is gone to his account, for this his minion,  
The revel-rout is done—but you were speaking  
Concerning her—I have been told, that you  
Are frequent in your visitation to her.

L. *Hast.* No farther, my good lord, than friendly pity,  
And tender-hearted charity allow.

Gloft. Go to : I did not mean to chide you for it.  
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you  
To cherish the distres'd—on with your tale.

L. *Hast.* Thus it is, gracious Sir, that certain officers,  
Using the warrant of your mighty name,  
With insolence unjust, and lawless power,  
Have seiz'd upon the lands, which late she held  
By grant from her great master Edward's bounty.

Gloft. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard ;  
And tho' some counsellors of forward zeal,  
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,  
And bearded wisdom, often have provok'd  
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her ;  
Yet still, in kind compassion of her weakness,  
And tender memory of Edward's love,  
I have with-held the merciless stern law  
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.

L. *Hast.* Good heav'n, who renders mercy back for mercy,  
With open-handed bounty shall repay you :  
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,  
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,  
And the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.

Gloft. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only :

10 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

Our farther and more full extent of grace  
Is given to your request. Let her attend,  
And to ourself deliver up her grieſs.  
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong  
At full redress'd. But I have other news  
Which much import us both, for still my fortunes  
Go hand in hand with yours : our common foes,  
The queen's relations, our new-fangled gentry,  
Have fall'n their haughty creſts—that for your privacy.

[*Exeunt.*]

**S C E N E II.** *An Apartment in Jane Shore's House.*

*Enter Bellmour and Dumont.*

*Bell.* How ſhe has liv'd you've heard my tale already ;  
The reſt your own attendance in her family,  
Where I have found the means this day to place you.  
And nearer obſervation beſt will tell you,  
See with what ſad and sober cheer the comes.

*Enter Jane Shore.*

Sure, or I read her viſage much amiss,  
Or grief beſets her hard. Save you, fair lady,  
The bleſſings of the cheerful morn be on you,  
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets.

*J. Sh.* My gentle neighbour ! your good wiſhes ſtill  
Purſue my hapless fortunes : Ah ! good Bellmour !  
How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,  
And court the offices of ſoft humanity !  
Like thee reſerve their raiment for the naked,  
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,  
Or mix their pitying tears with thoſe that weep !  
Thy praife deſerves a better tongue than mine,  
To ſpeak and bleſs thy name. Is this the gentleman,  
Whose friendly ſervice you commended to me ?

*Bell.* Madam, it is.

*J. Sh.* A venerable aspect ! [Aſide.]  
Age fits with decent grace upon his viſage,  
And worthily becomes his filver locks ;  
He wears the marks of many years well ſpent,  
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wife experience ;  
A friend like this, would ſuit my ſorrows well.  
Fortune, I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill, [To Dumont.  
Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance,  
Which my poor hand and humble roof can give.  
But to supply these golden vantages,  
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet  
A just regard and value for your worth,  
The welcome of a friend, and the free paſtoralship  
Of all that little good the world allows me.

*Dum.* You over-rate me much ; and all my anſwer  
Muſt be my future truth ; let that ſpeak for me,  
And make up my deserving.

*J. Sh.*

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* II

J. Sh. Are you of England?

Dum. No, gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;  
At Antwerp has my constant biding been,  
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days  
Than those which now my failing age affords.

J. Sh. Alas! at Antwerp! — oh forgive my tears! [Weep.  
They fall for my offences — and must fall  
Long, long ere they shall wash my stains away.  
You knew, perhaps — oh grief! oh shame! — my husband.

Dum. I knew him well — but stay this flood of anguish.  
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:  
Three years and more are past, since I was bid,  
With many of our common friends, to wait him  
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,  
Sprinkled his clay-cold corpse with holy drops,  
According to our church's rev'rend rite,  
And saw him laid, in hallow'd ground, to rest.

J. Sh. Oh! that my soul had known no joy but him,  
That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,  
And dying slept in innocence beside him!  
But now his honest dust abhors the fellowship,  
And scorns to mix with mine.

*Enter a Servant.*

Ser. The lady Alicia

Attends your leisure.

J. Sh. Say I wish to see her. [Exit Servant.  
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire,  
I'll wait on you the instant; and inform you  
Of each unhappy circumstance, in which  
Your friendly aid and counseil much may stead me.

[*Exit Bellmour and Dumont.*

*Enter Alicia.*

Alic. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?  
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,  
These trickling drops chase one another still,  
As if the postng messengers of grief  
Could overtake the hours fled far away,  
And make old time come back?

J. Sh. No, my Alicia,  
Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,  
There is no hour of all my life o'erpast,  
That I could wish should take its turn again.

Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has known,  
Some of those years might pass for golden ones,  
At least if womankind can judge of happiness.  
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,  
Whose beauty is our sov'reign good, and gives us  
Our reason to rebel, and pow'r to reign,  
What could we more than to behold a monarch,  
Lovely; renown'd, a conqueror, and young,

## 12 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

Bound in our chains, and fighing at our feet?

J. Sh. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,  
The goodly pride of all our English youth;  
He was the very joy of all that saw him;  
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.  
Impassive spirits, and angelic natures  
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human weakness,  
Stoop'd from their heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.  
But what had I to do with kings and courts?  
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;  
And that he was the first of all mankind,  
The bravest and most lovely, was my curse.

Alic. Sure, something more than fortune join'd your loves;  
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,  
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetnes  
And beauty of my friend.

J. Sh. Name him no more:

He was the bane and ruin of my peace.  
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies  
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,  
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,  
E'er yet a few short days pass o'er my head,  
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchednes.  
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole  
Of what was left for needy life's support;  
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor and kneeling  
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear  
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows;  
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,  
Lift up thy eyes, and let them shine once more,  
Bright as the morning sun above the mist,  
Exert thy charms, set out the stern protector,  
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty;  
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,  
He shall be mov'd to pity and redress thee.

J. Sh. My form, alas! has long forgot to please;  
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd;  
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,  
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;  
But haggard grief, lean-looking fallow care,  
And pining discontent, a rueful train,  
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.  
One only shadow of a hope is left me;  
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,  
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,  
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.

Alic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause?  
But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;  
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 13

Melting and easy, yielding to impression,  
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty ;  
But yours shall charm him long.

*J. Sh.* Away, you flatterer !

Nor charge his gen'rous meaning with a weakness,  
Which his great soul and virtue must disdain.  
Too much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,  
Too many giddy foolish hours are gone,  
And in fantastic measures danc'd away :  
May the remaining few know only friendship.  
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,  
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,  
A partner there ; I will give up mankind,  
Forget the transports of encreasing passion,  
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.

*Alic.* Live ! live and reign for ever in my bosom, [Embracing.]  
Safe and unrivall'd there posses thy own ;  
And you, ye brightest of the stars above,  
Ye saints that once were women here below,  
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,  
Which here to this my other self I vow.  
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,  
Than ev'ry other joy the world can give,  
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,  
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,  
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,  
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

*J. Sh.* Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true ;  
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty  
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee ;  
Receive this all, that I can call my own, [Giving a casket.]  
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee :  
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,  
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,  
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,  
And shelter from the storm.

*Alic.* My all is thine ;  
One common hazard shall attend us both,  
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.  
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still,  
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,  
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,  
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,  
Shall die forgotten all ; the poor, the pris'ner,  
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,  
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,  
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee ;  
Ev'n man, the merciless infulter man,  
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,

## 14 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness  
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

J. Sh. Why should I think that man will do for me  
What yet he never did for wretches like me?  
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd :  
Such is the fate unhappy women find,  
And such the curse intall'd upon our kind,  
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,  
Free and unquestion'd, through the wilds of love ;  
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,  
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,  
If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,  
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,  
Ruin ensues, reproach and endles斯 shame,  
And one false step entirely damns her fame :  
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,  
In vain look back to what she was before ;  
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

[*Exeunt.*]



## A C T II. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

*Enter Alicia.*

*[Speaking to Jane Shore as entering.]*  
**N**O farther, gentle friend; good angels guard  
you,  
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers.  
The drowsy night grows on the world, and now  
The busy craftsmen and o'er-labour'd hind  
Forget the travail of the day in sleep :  
Care only wakes, and moping penfiveness ;  
With meagre discontented looks they sit,  
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.  
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,  
Restless and self-tormented! Oh false Hastings!  
Thou hast destroy'd my peace.      [*Knocking without.*]  
What noise is that!  
What visitor is this, who, with bold freedom,  
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest,  
With such a rude approach?

*Enter a Servant.*

**Ser.** One from the court,  
Lord Hastings (as I think) demands my lady.  
**Alic.** Hastings! be still, my heart, and try to meet him  
With his own arts: with falsehood —— but he comes.

*Enter Lord Hastings.*

[*Speaks to a Servant as entering.*

L. Hastings,

## The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. 15

L. *Hast.* Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.  
Alicia here! unfortunate encounter!

But be it as it may.

Alic. When humbly, thus,  
The great descend to visit the afflicted,  
When thus unmindful of their rest, they come  
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner,  
Comfort comes with them, like the golden sun,  
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,  
And chears the melancholy house of care.

L. *Hast.* 'Tis true, I would not over-rate a courtesy,]  
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it,  
To nip and blast its favour, like a frost;  
But rather chose, at this late hour, to come,  
That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd;  
The lord protector has receiv'd her suit,  
And means to shew her grace.

Alic. My friend! my lord.

L. *Hast.* Yes, lady, yours: none has a right more ample  
To task my pow'r than you.

Alic. I want the words,  
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;  
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,  
And wo'not die your debtor.

L. *Hast.* 'Tis well, madam.  
But I would see your friend.

Alic. O thou false lord!  
I would be mistress of my heaving heart,  
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee  
To dress my face in easy dull indiff'rence:  
But 'two' not be, my wrongs will tear their way,  
And rush at once upon thee.

L. *Hast.* Are you wise?  
Have you the use of reason? do you wake?  
What means this raving? this transporting passion?  
Alic. O thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!  
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,  
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,  
And ask me what it means? art thou not false?  
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken, and abandon'd,  
Left like a common wretch; to shame and infamy,  
Giv'n up to be the sport of villains tongues,  
Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons;  
And all because my soul has doated on thee  
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable!

L. *Hast.* Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?  
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,  
These never-ceasing wailings and complainings,  
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,  
Which ev'ry other moment rise to madness?

## 16 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

*Alic.* What proof, alas ! have I not giv'n of love ?  
What have I not abandon'd to thy arms ?  
**H**ave I not set at nought my noble birth,  
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,  
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue ?  
My prodigality has giv'n thee all ;  
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,  
You hate the wretched bankrupt you have made.

*L. Haste.* Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,  
Kept in the view, and cross'd at ev'ry turn ?  
**I**n vain I fly, and, like a hunted deer,  
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert ;  
E'er I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me  
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,  
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.

*Alic.* Hither you fly, and here you seek repose ;  
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,  
Your pious, charitable, midnight visits.

*L. Haste.* If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,  
Yet take the friendly counsel of my love ;  
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.  
Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,  
That cursed curiosity seduce you,  
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,  
Shall never hurt your quiet ; but once known,  
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,  
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.  
Go to —— be yet advis'd ——

*Alic.* Dost thou in scorn  
Preach patience to my rage ? and bid me tamely  
Sit like a poor contented ideot down,  
Nor dare to think thou'st wrong'd me — ruin seize thee,  
And swift perdition overtake thy treachery ;  
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt ?  
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falsehood ?  
To hide it, might have spoke some little tenderneſs,  
And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me :  
But thou disdain'dst the weakneſs of humanity,  
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it ;  
Ev'n now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,  
And infolently own the glorious villainy.

*L. Haste.* Well, then, I own my heart has broke your chains.  
Patient I bore the painful bondage long,  
At length my gen'rous love disdains your tyranny ;  
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousy,  
Vexatious days, and jarring, joyleſs nights,  
Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer shelter,  
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.

*Alic.* You triumph ! do ! and with gigantic pride  
Defy impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink ;

## The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. 17

No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,  
Nor send his lightnings forth : no more his justice  
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,  
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.

L. Haſt. Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,  
Be present to me now, my better angel !  
Preserve me from the storm which threatens now,  
And if I have beyond atonement finn'd,  
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,  
So I escape the fury of that tongue.

Alic. Thy pray'r is heard — I go — but know, proud lord,  
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weaknes of my sex,  
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,  
Howe'er sublime in pow'r, and greatnes plac'd,  
With royal favour guarded round and grae'd ;  
On eagle's wings my rage shall urge her flight,  
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height ;  
Then, like thy fate, superior will I fit,  
And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my feet ;  
See thy last breath with indignation go,  
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [Ex. Alic.

L. Haſt. How fierce a fiend is passion ; with what wildness,  
What tyranny untam'd, it reigns in woman !  
Unhappy sex ! whose easy yielding temper  
Gives way to ev'ry appetite alike :  
Each gust of inclination, uncontrol'd,  
Sweeps thro' their souls and sets them in an uproar ;  
Each motion of the heart rises to fury,  
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage  
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.  
So the wind roars o'er the wide, fenceles ocean,  
And heaves the billows of the boiling deep,  
Alike from North, from South, from East, from West ;  
With equal force the tempest blows by turns  
From ev'ry corner of the seaman's compas.  
But soft ye now — for here comes one disclaims  
Strife and her wrangling train ; of equal elements,  
Without one jarring atom was she form'd,  
And gentleness, and joy, make up her being.

Enter Jane Shore.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship  
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late,  
To greet you with the tidings of success.  
The princely Gloſter has vouchſaf'd you hearing,  
To-morrow he expects you at the court ;  
There plead your cause with never-failing beauty,  
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redref.

J. Sh. Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend. [Kneeling.  
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,

And

18 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

And bless your noble nature for this goodness.

L. *Hast.* Rise, gentle dame, you wrong my meaning much,  
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,  
To sell my courtesy for thanks like these.

J. *Sb.* 'Tis true, your bounty is beyond my speaking :  
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you ;  
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,  
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,  
My fervent soul shall breathe one pray'r for you,  
If pray'rs of such a wretch are heard on high,  
That heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,  
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

L. *Hast.* If there be ought of merit in my service,  
Impute it there, where most 'tis due, to love ;  
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,  
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty.

J. *Sb.* Alas ! my lord —

L. *Hast.* Why bend thy eyes to earth ?  
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow ?  
Why breathes that sigh, my love ? and wherefore falls  
This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetnes ?

J. *Sb.* If pity dwells within your noble breast,  
(As sure it does) oh speak not to me thus.

L. *Hast.* Can I behold thee, and not speak of love ?  
Ev'n now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,  
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,  
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,  
Till my soul faints, and flickers with desire ;  
How canst thou give this motion to my heart,  
And bid my tongue be still ?

J. *Sb.* Cast round your eyes  
Upon the high-born beauties of the court ;  
Behold, like opening roses, where they bloom,  
Sweet to the sense, unsully'd all and spotless ;  
There choose some worthy partner of your heart,  
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed ;  
Nor turn your eyes this way, where sin and misery,  
Like loathsome weeds, have over-run the soil,  
And the destroyer, shame, has laid all waste.

L. *Hast.* What means this peevish, this fantastic change ?  
Where is thy wonted pleasantnes of face,  
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles ?  
Where hast thou lost thy wit, and sportive mirth ?  
That cheerful heart, which us'd to dance for ever,  
And cast a day of gladness all around thee ?

J. *Sb.* Yes, I will own I merit the reproach ;  
And for those foolish days of wanton pride,  
My soul is justly humbled to the dust :  
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,  
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,

And

And treat me like that abject thing I have been.  
Yet let the saints be witness to this truth,  
That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,  
That I detest my wretched self, and curse  
My past polluted life. All-judging heav'n,  
Who knows my crimes, has seen my sorrow for them.

L. *Hast.* No more of this dull stuff. 'Tis time enough  
To whine and mortify thyself with penance,  
When the decaying sense is pall'd with pleasure,  
And weary nature tires in her last stage;  
Then weep and tell thy beads, when alt'ring rheums  
Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,  
And failing palfies shake thy wither'd hand.  
The present moments claim more gen'rrous use;  
Thy beauty, night and solitude reproach me,  
For having talk'd thus long—come, let me press thee,

[*Laying hold on her.*

Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,  
And lose myself in the luxurious fold.

J. *Sb.* Never! by those chaste lights above, I swear,  
My soul shall never know pollution more;  
Forbear, my lord!—Here let me rather die, [Kneeling.  
Let quick destruction overtake me here,  
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.

L. *Hast.* Away with this perverseness,—'tis too much;  
Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous affectation. [*Striving.*

J. *Sb.* Retire! I beg you leave me—

L. *Hast.* Thus to coy it!—

With one who knows you too.

J. *Sb.* For mercy's sake—

L. *Hast.* Ungrateful woman! Is it thus you pay  
My services?—

J. *Sb.* Abandon me to ruin—

Rather than urge me—

L. *Hast.* This way to your chamber; [Pulling her.  
There if you struggle—

J. *Sb.* Help! O gracious heaven!

Help! save me! help! [*Crying out.*

*Enter Dumont; he interposes.*

Dum. My lord! for honour's sake—

L. *Hast.* Hah! what art thou?—Be gone!

Dum. My duty calls me

To my attendance on my mistress here.

J. *Sb.* For pity let me go—

L. *Hast.* Avaunt! Base groom—

At distance wait, and know thy office better.

Dum. Forego your hold, my lord! 'tis most unmanly  
This violence—

L. *Hast.* Avoid the room this moment,  
Or I will tread thy foul out.

Dum.

20 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

Dum. No, my lord—

The common ties of manhood call me now,  
And bid me thus stand up in the defence  
Of an oppres'd, unhappy, helpless woman.

L. Haf. And dost thou know me, slave?

Dum. Yes, thou proud Lord!

I knew thee well, know thee with each advantage,  
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.  
I know thee, too, for one who stains those honours,  
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,  
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.

L. Haf. 'Tis wond'rous well! I see, my faint-like dame,  
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians,  
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.

Dum. Take back the foul reproach, unmanner'd railer!  
Nor urge my rage too far, lest thou should'ft find •  
I have as daring spirits in my blood  
As thou, or any of thy race e'er boasted;  
And tho' no gaudy titles grac'd my birth,  
Titles, the fervile courtier's lean reward,  
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft  
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants,  
Yet heav'n that made me honest, made me more  
Than ever king did when he made a lord.

L. Haf. Infolent villain! henceforth let this teach thee

[Draws and strikes him.]

The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince.

Dum. Nay, then, my lord! (drawing) learn you by this  
how well

An arm resolv'd can guard its master's life. [They fight.]

J. Sh. Oh my distracting fears! hold, for sweet heav'n.

[They fight, Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.]

L. Haf. Confusion! baffled by a base-born hind!

Dum. Now, haughty sir, where is our diff'rence now?  
Your life is in my hand, and did not honour,  
The gentleness of blood, and inborn virtue  
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)  
Plead in my bosom, I should take the forfeit.  
But wear your sword again; and know, a lord,  
Oppos'd against a man, is but a man.

L. Haf. Curse on my failing hand! your better fortune  
Has given you vantage o'er me; but perhaps  
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance. [Exit.]

J. Sh. Alas! what have you done! know ye the pow'r,  
The mightiness that waits upon this lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 'tis a cause  
In which heaven's guards shall wait you. O pursue,  
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul,  
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,

Nor

## The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. 21

Nor the incumb'ring world, make faint your purpose.

Affixing angels shall conduct your steps,

Bring you to bliss, and crown your end with peace.

J. Sh. Oh that my head were laid, my sad eyes clos'd,  
And my cold corse wound in my shroud to rest !  
My painful heart will never cease to beat,  
Will never know a moment's peace till thon.

Dum. Wou'd you be happy? leave this fatal place,  
Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;  
Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty  
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,  
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,  
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.

J. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,  
Of friends, and all the means of life bereft?

Dum. Bellmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,  
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge,  
Far from the court and the tumultuous city.  
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,  
There stands a lonely, but a healthful dwelling,  
Built for convenience and the use of life:  
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,  
A little garden, and a limpid brook,  
By nature's own contrivance seem dispos'd;  
No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,  
Honest and true, with a well-meaning priest:  
No faction, or domestic fury's rage,  
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,  
When the contending nobles shook the land  
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.  
Your virtue there may find a safe retreat  
From the insulting pow'rs of wicked greatness.

J. Sh. Can there be so much happiness in store!  
A cell like that is all my hopes aspire to.  
Haste, then, and thither let us take our flight,  
E'er the clouds gather, and the wint'ry sky  
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.

Dum. Will you then go? you glad my very soul;  
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me;  
Plenty and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,  
And make your latter days of life most happy.  
Oh, lady! but I must not, cannot tell you,  
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,  
And how my heart rejoices at your safety.  
So when the spring renewes the flow'ry field,  
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,  
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,  
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;  
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,  
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;

22 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,  
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;  
Warbling she charms it each returning night,  
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Court.*

Enter Alicia with a Paper.

*Alic.* THIS paper to the great protector's hand  
With care and secrefy must be convey'd;  
His bold ambition now avows its aim,  
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,  
And fix it on his own. I know he holds  
My faithless Hastings adverse to his hopes,  
And much devoted to the orphan king;  
On that I build: this paper meets his doubts,  
And marks my hated rival as the cause  
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.  
Oh jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,  
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms;  
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,  
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!  
See where she comes! once my heart's dearest blessing,  
Now my chang'd eyes are blasted with her beauty,  
Loath that known face, and ficken to behold her.

Enter Jane Shore.

*J. Sh.* Now whither shall I fly to find relief?  
What charitable hand will aid me now?  
Will stay my failing steps, support my ruins,  
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?  
Oh, my Alicia!

*Alic.* What new grief is this?  
What unforeseen misfortune has surpriz'd thee?  
That racks thy tender heart thus?

*J. Sh.* O! Dumont!

*Alic.* Say! what of him?

*J. Sh.* That friendly, honest man,  
Whom Bellmour brought of late to my assistance,  
On whose kind cares, whose diligence and faith,  
My surest truth was built, this very morn  
Was seiz'd on by the cruel hand of power,  
Forc'd from my house, and borne away to prison.

*Alic.* To prison, said you! can you guess the cause?

*J. Sh.* Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me  
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.

*Alic.* Lord Hastings! Ha!

*J. Sh.*

The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. - 23

J. Sh. Some fitter time must tell thee  
The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present  
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.  
Within this paper is my suit contain'd ;  
Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,  
I wait to give it on my humble knees,  
And move him for redress.

[She gives the paper to Alicia, who opens and seems to read it.]

Alic. [Aside.] Now for a wile,  
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart ;  
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her  
For ever from my perjur'd Hastings' eyes :  
The wanderer may then look back to me,  
And turn to his forsaken home again :  
Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[Pulling out the other paper.]

J. Sh. But see the great Protector comes this way,  
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers ;  
Give me the paper, friend.

Alic. [Aside.] For love and vengeance !

[She gives her the other paper.]

Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Catesby,  
Courtiers, and other attendants.

J. Sh. [Kneeling.] O noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,  
Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint,  
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman,  
Intreats a little bread for charity,  
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

Gloft. Arise, fair dame, and dry your wat'ry eyes.

[Receiving the Paper, and raising her.]

Befrew me, but 'twere pity of his heart,  
That could refuse a boon to such a suitor.  
Y'have got a noble friend to be your advocate ;  
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,  
And to his trust most true. This present, now,  
Some matters of the state detain our leisure ;  
Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,  
And give your griefs redress. Go to ! be comforted.

J. Sh. Good heav'n's repay your highness for this pity,  
And show'r down blessings on your princely head.  
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,  
And help me to support that feeble frame,  
That nodding totters with oppressive woe,  
And sinks beneath its load.

[Exit J. Shore and Alic.

Gloft. Now by my holidame !  
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.  
But thus it is when rude calamity  
Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions ;  
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,  
And shiver at the shock. What says her paper ? [seeming to read.]

## 24 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

Ha! What is this? come nearer, Ratcliffe! Catesby!  
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning. [He reads.  
Wonder not, princely Gloster, at the notice  
This paper brings you from a friend unknown;  
Lord Hastings is inclin'd to call you master,  
And kneel to Richard, as to England's king;  
But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,  
And draws his service to king Edward's sons:  
Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,  
And he, and all his powers, attend on you.

Rat. 'Tis wonderful!

Cat. The means by which it came,  
Yet stranger too!

Gloft. You saw it given but now.

Rat. She could not know the purport.

Gloft. No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her life;  
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,  
The meddling harlot! dear she should abide it.

Cat. What hand soe'er it comes from, be assur'd,  
It means your highness well——

Gloft. Upon the instant,

Lord Hastings will be here; this morn I mean  
To prove him to the quick; then if he flinch,  
No more but this, away with him at once,  
He must be mine or nothing——but he comes!  
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well. [They whisper.

Enter Lord Hastings.

L. Hast. This foolish woman hangs about my heart,  
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;  
This coyness is put on, 'tis art and cunning,  
And worn to urge desire——I must possess her:  
The groom, who lift his saucy hand against me,  
E'er this, is humbled, and repents his daring.  
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' example,  
And teach her beauty not to scorn any pow'r.

Gloft. This do, and wait me e'er the council sits.

[Exeunt Rat. and Cat.  
My lord, y' are well encountryed, here has been  
A fair petitioner this morning with us;  
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:  
Alas! her gentle nature was not made  
To buffet with adversity. I told her,  
How worthily her cause you had befriended;  
How much for your good sake we meant to do,  
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

L. Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Gloft. You know your friendship is most potent with us,  
And shares our power. But of this enough,  
For we have other matters for your ear;

The

The state is out of tune ; distracting fears,  
And jealous doubts, jar in our public councils ;  
Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,  
Lewd railings, and reproach, on those that rule,  
With open scorn of government ; hence credit,  
And public trust, 'twixt man and man, are broke.  
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,  
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,  
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

L. *Hast.* The resty knaves are o'er-run with ease,  
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction ;  
It, in good days like these, the headstrong herd  
Grow madly wanton and repine ; it is  
Because the reins of power are held too slack,  
And reverend authority of late  
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Gloster. Beswear my heart ! but you have well divin'd  
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder  
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,  
When the crown fits upon a baby brow ?  
Plainly to speak ; hence comes the gen'ral cry,  
And sum of all complaint : 'twill ne'er be well  
With England, (thus they talk,) while children govern.

L. *Hast.* 'Tis true, the king is young, but what of that ?  
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,  
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom  
So well supply our infant sov'reign's place,  
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Gloster. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)  
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,  
Barren of power, and subject to controul ;  
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.  
Oh, worthy lord ! were mine the rule indeed,  
I think I should not suffer rank offence  
At large to lord it in the common-weal ;  
Nor wou'd the realm be rent by discord thus,  
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.

L. *Hast.* Of this I am to learn ; as not supposing  
A doubt like this —

Gloster. Ay, marry, but there is —  
And that of much concern. Have you not heard,  
How on a late occasion, doctor Shaw  
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness  
Of Edward's issue ? by right grave authority  
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,  
A bastard son never should be grafted  
Upon a royal stock ; from thence, at full  
Discoursing on my brother's former contract  
To lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before  
His jolly match with that same buxom widow.

26 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

The queen he left behind him——

L. *Hast.* Ill befall

Such meddling priests who kindle up confusion,  
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples;  
By heav'n'tis done in perfect spite to peace.

Did not the king,

Our royal master Edward, in concurrence  
With his estates assembled, well determine  
What course the sov'reign rule should take henceforward?  
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,  
When shall our long-divided land have rest,  
**If every peevish, moody malecontent**  
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar?  
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,  
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?

Gloſt. What if some patriot for the public good,  
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

L. *Hast.* Curie on the innovating hand attempts it!  
Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,  
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the traitor  
And his pernicious counsels; who for wealth,  
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,  
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

Gloſt. You go too fary my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,  
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;  
When like a matron, butcher'd by her sons,  
**And cast beside some common way a spectacle**  
Of horror and affright to passers by,  
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein,  
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;  
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;  
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,  
**And swept away distinction;** peasants trod  
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid  
The rev'rend crozier, and the holy mitre,  
And desolation cover'd all the land;  
Who can remember this, and not, like me,  
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,  
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,  
**And set, once more, that scene of blood before us?**

Gloſt. How now! so hot!

L. *Hast.* So brave, and so resolv'd.

Gloſt. Is then our friendship of so little moment,  
That you could arm your hand against my life?

L. *Hast.* I hope your highness does not think I mean it;  
No, heaven forefend that e'er your princely person  
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Gloſt. O! noble Hastings! nay, I must embrace you;

[Embraces him.]

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 27

By holy Paul ! y'are a right honest man ;  
The time is full of danger and distrust,  
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not  
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,  
If when I meant to lodge you next my heart,  
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,  
And live your king and country's best support :  
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,  
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

L. *Hast.* Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay,  
O ! princely Gloster ! judge me not ungentle,  
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,  
If, when the public safety is in question,  
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Gloft. Enough of this : to deal in wordy compliment  
Is much against the plainness of my nature ;  
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,  
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom ;  
Farewel, and be my friend.

[Exit Gloster.]

L. *Hast.* I am not read,  
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,  
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.  
The duke is surely noble ; but he touch'd me  
Ev'n on the tend'rest point ; the master-string  
That makes most harmony or discord to me.  
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,  
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd ;  
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,  
Beyond myself I prize my native land :  
On this foundation would I build my fame,  
And emulate the Greek and Roman name ;  
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,  
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Gloft. THIS was the sum of all ; that he would brook  
No alteration in the present state ;  
Marry ! at last, the testy gentleman  
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance ;  
But there I dropt the argument, and changing  
The first design and purport of my speech,  
I prais'd his good affection to young Edward,  
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.  
Proceed we then in this fore-mention'd matter,

28 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.

*Rat.* Ill does it thus befall. I could have wish'd  
This lord had stood with us. His friends are wealthy,  
Thereto, his own possessions large and mighty;  
The vassals and dependants on his power  
Firm in adherence, ready, bold, and many;  
His name had been of vantage to your highness,  
And stood our present purpose much in stead.

*Gloft.* This wayward and perverse declining from us,  
Has warranted at full the friendly notice,  
Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,  
This puling whining harlot rules his reason,  
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.

*Cat.* If she have such dominion o'er his heart,  
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate;  
And should, by inference and apt deduction,  
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,  
The very means immediate to her being,  
The bounty of your hand? why does she live,  
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,  
To speak, to act, to think as you command?

*Rat.* Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message;  
Teach every grace to smile in your behalf,  
And her deluded eyes to gloat for you;  
His ductile reason will be wound about,  
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,  
Receive the yoke, and yield exact obedience.

*Gloft.* Your counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd.  
She waits without, attending on her suit.  
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,  
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood  
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is!  
A moppet made of prettiness and pride;  
That oft'ner does her giddy fancies change,  
Than glitt'ring dew drops in the sun do colours—  
Now, shame upon it! was our reason given  
For such an use! to be thus puff'd about  
Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,  
The sport of every whistling blast that blows?  
Bethrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange;  
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them,  
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

*Enter Jane Shore.*

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd  
On this your grievance: and tho' some there are,  
Nay, and those great ones too, who wou'd enforce  
The rigour of our power to afflict you,  
And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,

We've

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 29

We've ta'en you to our favour, our protection  
Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

J. Sh. The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,  
And rescu'd from despair, attend your highness.  
Alas! my gracious lord, what have I done  
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?  
If in the days of all my past offences,  
When most my heart was lifted with delight,  
If I with-held my morsel from the hungry,  
Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry;  
If I have known a good I have not shar'd;  
Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,  
Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now  
Deny the succour, which I gave not then.

Gloft. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,  
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:  
That you presume to prattle, like a busy-body,  
Give your advice, and teach the lords o'th' council  
What fits the order of the common-weal.

J. Sh. Oh that the busy world, at least in this,  
Would take example from a wretch like me!  
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,  
Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,  
To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,  
To haunt her idle sounds and flying tales,  
Thro' all the giddy noisy courts of rumour;  
Malicious slander never would have leisure  
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,  
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,  
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Gloft. Go to! I know your pow'r, and tho' I trust not  
To ev'ry breath of fame, I'm not to learn  
That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.  
But fair befall your beauty: use it wisely,  
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,  
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,  
And place you high in safety and in honour:  
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,  
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,  
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.

J. Sh. Oh! where or how?—can my unworthy hand  
Become an instrument of good to any?  
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly  
To yield obedience to your dread command.

Gloft. Why, that's well said—thus then—observe me well,  
The state, for many high and potent reasons,  
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit  
For the imperial weight of England's crown—

J. Sh. Alas! for pity.

Gloft. Therefore have resolv'd  
To set aside their unavailing infancy,

[Aside.]

30 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

And vest the sov'reign rule in abler hands.  
This, tho' of great importance to the public,  
Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,  
Does stubbornly oppose.

J. Sh. Does he? does Hastings?

Gloft. Ay, Hastings.

J. Sh. Reward him for the noble deed, just heav'ns:  
For this one action, guard him and distinguish him  
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance,  
Save him from wrong, adversity, and shame.  
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,  
And consecrate his name ev'n to time's end:  
Let him know nothing else but good on earth,  
And everlasting blessedness hereafter.

Gloft. How now!

J. Sh. The poor, forsaken, royal little ones!  
Shall they be left a prey to savage power?  
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,  
Or cry to heaven for help, and not be heard?  
Impossible! O gallant gen'rous Hastings,  
Go on, pursue! assert the sacred cause:  
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling providence,  
And save the friendless infants from oppression.  
Saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,  
And warring angels combat on thy side.

Gloft. You're passing rich in this same heav'ly speech,  
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!  
My favour is not bought with words like these.  
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.

J. Sh. No, tho' the royal Edward has undone me,  
He was my king, my gracious master still;  
He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty flame,  
And fatal to my peace, yet still he lov'd me;  
With fondness, and with tenderness he doated,  
Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd but in my smiles.  
And can I—O my heart abhors the thought!  
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?

Gloft. Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me further;  
None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery;  
Your dainty, squeamish coying it to me.  
Go—to your lord, your paramour, be gone;  
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,  
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him:  
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,  
And make him yield obedience to my will.  
Do it—or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Sh. Oh that my tongue had ev'ry grace of speech,  
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,  
Sweet as the poets numbers, and prevailing  
As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid:-

That

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 31

That I had art and eloquence divine !  
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,  
And plead till death the cause of injur'd innocence.

*Gloft.* Ha ! do'st thou brave me, minion ! do'st thou know  
How vile, how very a wret'ch'd, my pow'r can make thee ;  
That I can let loose fear, distress, and famine,  
To hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds, thro' the world ;  
That I can place thee in such abject state,  
As help shall never find thee ; where, repining,  
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish,  
Groan to the pitiful winds without return,  
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,  
And curse thy life in bitterness and misery ?

*J. Sh.* Let me be branded for the public scorn,  
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,  
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread  
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,  
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears ;  
E'er I consent to teach my lips injustice,  
Or wrong the orphan, who has none to save him.

*Gloft.* 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart :  
What hoa ! who waits without ?

*Enter Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Attendants.*

*Rat.* Your highness's pleasure—

*Gloft.* Go some of you, and turn this strumpet forth !  
Spurn her into the street, there let her perish,  
And rot upon a dunghill. Thro' the city  
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,  
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour ;  
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.  
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,  
The purchase of her loose luxurious life,  
We seize on, for the profit of the state.

Away ! be gone !

*J. Sh.* O thou most righteous judge—  
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,  
And own thy justice in this hard decree,  
No longer then my ripe offences spare,  
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.  
Yet since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,  
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive ;  
No pity for my suff'ring here I crave,  
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

[*Exit J. Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.*

*Gloft.* So much for this. Your project's at an end.

[*To Rat.*

This idle toy, this hilding scorns my power,  
And sets us all at naught. See that a guard  
Be ready at my call.—

*Rat.*

32 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

Rat. The council waits  
Upon your highness' leisure. —

Gloft. Bid them enter.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Bishop of Ely,  
Lord Hastings, and others, as to the council. The Duke of  
Gloster takes his place at the upper end, then the rest fit.

Derb. In happy time are we assembled here,  
To point the day, and fix the solemn pomp,  
For placing England's crown with all due rites  
Upon our sov'reign Edward's youthful brow.

L. Haff. Some busy meddling knaves, 'tis said there are,  
As such will still be prating, who presume  
To carp and cavil at his royal right ;  
Therefore I hold it fitting, with the soonest  
T'appoint the order of the coronation ;  
So to approve our duty to the king,  
And stay the babbling of such vain gainsayers.

Derb. We all attend to know your highness' pleasure. [To Gloster.

Gloft. My lords ! A sett of worthy men you are,  
Prudent and just, and careful for the state :  
Therefore to your most grave determination,  
I yield myself in all things ; and demand,  
What punishment your wisdom shall think meet  
T'inflict upon those damnable contrivers,  
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching drugs,  
Practise against our person and our life.

L. Haff. So much I hold the king your highness' debtor,  
So precious are you to the common-weal,  
That I presume, not only for myself,  
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,  
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.

Gloft. Then judge yourselves, convinee your eyes of truth ;  
Behold my arm thus blasted, dry, and wither'd,

[Pulling up his sleeve.

Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,  
Like some untimely product of the seasons,  
Robb'd of its properties of strength and office.  
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,  
Who, in conjunction with that harlot Shore,  
And other like confed'rate midnight hags,  
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,  
And conjurations horrible to hear,  
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,  
And set the ministers of hell at work,  
To torture and despoil me of my life.

L. Haff. If they have done this deed —

Gloft. If they have done it !  
Talk'it thou to me of if's, audacious traitor !  
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,

The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. 33

The patron and compoter of her mischiefs,  
And join'd in this contrivance for my death.  
Nay start not, lords—What ho ! a guard there, Sirs !

Enter Guard.

Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason,  
Seize him, and bear him instantly away.  
He sha'not live an hour. By holy Paul !  
I will not dine before his head be brought me :  
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done :  
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt Gloster, and Lords following.

Manent Lord Hastings, Ratcliffe, and Guard.

L. Hst. What ! and no more but this—hew, to the scaffold !  
Oh gentle Ratcliffe ! tell me, do I hold thee ?  
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,  
To break, to struggle thro' this dread confusion ?  
For surely death itself is not so painful  
As is this sudden horror and surprize.

Rat. You heard, the duke's commands to me were absolute,  
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift,  
With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,  
And be yourself ; for you must die this instant.

L. Hst. Yes, Ratcliffe, I will take thy friendly counsel,  
And die as a man should ; 'tis somewhat hard,  
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once :  
But since what must be, must be—let necessity  
Supply the place of time and preparation,  
And arm me for the blow. 'Tis but to die,  
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard,  
Which many a time in battle I have run ;  
'Tis but to do, what, at that very moment,  
In many nations of the peopled earth,  
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me :  
'Tis but to close my eyes and shut out day-light ;  
To view no more the wicked ways of men,  
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,  
And be a weeping witness of the woes,  
The desolation, slaughter, and calamities,  
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter Alicia.

Alic. Stand off and let me pass—I will, I must,  
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,  
And hold him to my heart—O Hastings ! Hastings !

L. Hst. Alas ! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment,  
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions,  
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,  
And shock the peace of my departing soul ?

Away, I prithee leave me !

Alic. Stop a minute —

34 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

'Till my full griefs find passage.—Oh the tyrant !  
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine.

*L. Hast.* What means thy frantic grief ?

*Alic.* I cannot speak —

But I have murder'd thee—Oh ! I could tell thee !

*L. Hast.* Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting passions :  
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspense,  
Time presses, and a thousand crowding thoughts  
Break in at once ! this way and that they snatch,  
They tear my hurry'd soul : all claim attention,  
And yet not one is heard. O speak, and leave me,  
For I have busines would employ an age,  
And but a minute's time to get it done in.

*Alic.* That, that's my grief—'tis I that urge thee on,  
Thus haunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,  
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.

*L. Hast.* Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand  
Bring on this mighty ruin ? If it could,  
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,  
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,  
That nothing but my life can make atonement ?

*Alic.* Thy cruel scorn had stung me to the heart,  
And set my burning bosom all in flames :  
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,  
And writ I know not what—told the protector,  
That Shore's detested wife, by wiles, had won thee,  
To plot against his greatness—He believ'd it,  
(Oh dire event of my pernicious counsel !)  
And, while I meant destruction on her head,  
H' has turn'd it all on thine.

*L. Hast.* Accursed jealousy !  
O merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend !  
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief,  
And murders all it meets. Curst be its rage,  
For there is none so deadly ; doubly curs'd  
Be all those easy fools who give it harbour ;  
Who turn a monster loose among mankind,  
Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence ;  
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell.

*Alic.* If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own falsehood ;  
Curse the lewd maxims of thy perjur'd sex,  
Which taught thee first to laugh at faith and justice,  
To scorn the solemn sanctity of oaths,  
And make a jest of a poor woman's ruin :  
Curse thy proud heart, and thy insulting tongue,  
That rais'd this fatal fury in my soul,  
And urg'd my vengeance to undo us both.

*L. Hast.* Oh thou inhuman ! turn thy eyes away,  
And blast me not with their destructive beams :

Why

The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. 35

Why should I curse thee with my dying breath ?  
Be gone ! and let me sigh it out in peace.

Alic. Can't thou—oh cruel Hastings, leave me thus ?  
Hear me, I beg thee—I conjure thee, hear me !

While with an agonizing heart, I swear  
By all the pangs I feel, by all the sorrows,  
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,  
My hate was on my rival bent alone.

Oh ! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,  
A danger to thy life, I would have dy'd,  
I would have met it for thee, and made bare  
My ready faithful breast to save thee from it.

L. Hastings. Now mark ! and tremble at heaven's just award,  
While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge  
Pursu'd the innocence which never wrong'd thee,  
Behold ! the mischief falls on thee and me :  
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,  
And everlasting anguish be thy portion :  
For me, the snares of death are wound about me,  
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.  
Oh ! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,  
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knee,  
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.

Alic. Oh ! yet, before I go for ever from thee,  
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me,  
And in compassion of my strong affliction,  
Say, is it possible you can forgive  
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love ?  
For, oh ! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee  
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame, and life,  
Desir'd to death, and doated to distraction,  
This day of horror never should have known us.

L. Hastings. Oh ! rise, and let me hush thy stormy sorrows ;  
Affuage thy tears, for I will chide no more,  
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair-one.  
I see the hand of heav'n is arm'd against me ;  
And, in mysterious providence, decrees  
To punish me by thy mistaken hand.  
Most righteous doom ! for, oh ! while I behold thee,  
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,  
And charge thy ruin on me ; thy fair fame,  
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,  
Dishonour'd, blasted, and betray'd by me.

Alic. And does thy heart relent for my undoing ?  
Oh ! that inhuman Gloster could be mov'd,  
But half so easily as I can pardon !

L. Hastings. Here then exchange we mutually forgiveness,  
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,  
My perjuries to thee be all forgotten,

36 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

As here my soul acquits thee of my death,  
As here I part without one angry thought,  
As here I leave thee with the softest tenderness,  
Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,  
And begging heav'n to bless and to support thee.

*Rat.* My lord, dispatch ; the duke has sent to chide me  
For loitering in my duty —

*L. Hastings.* I obey.

*Alic.* Infatiate, savage monster ! is a moment  
So tedious to thy malice ? oh ! repay him,  
Thou great avenger, give him blood for blood :  
Guilt haunt him ! fiends pursue him ! lightnings blast him !  
Some horrid, cursed kind of death o'ertake him,  
Sudden, and in the fulness of his sins !  
That he may know how terrible it is,  
To want that moment he denies thee now.

*L. Hastings.* 'Tis all in vain, this rage that tears thy bosom,  
Like a poor bird that flutters in its cage,  
Thou beat'st thyself to death. Retire, I beg thee ;  
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me,  
Thy agonies are added to my own,  
And make the burthen more than I can bear.  
Farewell — good angels visit thy afflictions,  
And bring thee peace and comfort from above.

*Alic.* Oh ! stab me to the heart, some pitying hand,  
Now strike me dead —

*L. Hastings.* One thing I had forgot —  
I charge thee by our present common miseries,  
By our past loves, if yet they have a name,  
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,  
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue  
The innocence of thy unhappy friend ;  
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean ; oh ! should'st thou wrong her,  
Just heav'n shall double all thy woes upon thee,  
And make 'em know no end — remember this  
As the last warning of a dying man :  
Farewell for ever !

[*The Guards carry Hastings off.*

*Alic.* For ever ? oh ! for ever !  
Oh ! who can bear to be a wretch for ever !  
My rival, too ! his last thoughts hung on her,  
And as he parted, left a blessing for her :  
Shall she be blest, and I be curs'd, for ever !  
No ; since her fatal beauty was the cause  
Of all my suff'rings, let her share my pains ;  
Let her, like me, of ev'ry joy forlorn,  
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born ;  
Like me to desarts and to darkness run,  
Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun ;  
Cast ev'ry good, and ev'ry hope behind ;  
Detest the works of nature, loath mankind ;

Like me, with cries distracted, fill the air,  
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantic hair ;  
And prove the torments of the last despair.

}  
[Exit.]



A C T V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Bellmour and Dumont.

Dum. **Y**OU saw her, then ?

Bell. I met her as returning,  
In solemn penance, from the public crofs.  
Before her, certain rafeal officers,  
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,  
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.  
On either side her march'd an ill-look'd priest,  
Who with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,  
Did ever and anoth, by turns, upbraid her,  
And thunder in her trembling ear damnation.  
Around her, numberless the rabble flow'd,  
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,  
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling ;  
Some pitying, but those, alas ! how few !  
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such  
The base barbarity of human kind,  
With insolence and lewd reproach pursu'd her,  
Hooting and railing, and with villainous hands  
Gath'ring the filth from out the common ways,  
To hurl upon her head.

Dum. Inhuman-dogs !

How did she bear it ?

Bell. With the gentleſt patience ;  
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look ;  
A burning taper in her hand she bore,  
And on her shoulders careleſſly confus'd,  
With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung ;  
Upon her cheek a faintilh flush was spread,  
Feeble ſhe seem'd, and ſorely ſmit with pain.  
While bare-foot as the trod the flinty pavement,  
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.  
Yet ſilent ſtill ſhe paſſ'd and unrepining ;  
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,  
Except when in ſome bitter pang of sorrow,  
To heav'n ſhe ſeem'd in fervent zeal to raise,  
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.

Dum. When was this piteous fight ?

Bell. These laſt two days.

You know my care was wholly bent on you,

38 *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

To find the happy means of your' deliverance,  
Which but for Hastings' death I had not gain'd.  
During that time, altho' I have not seen her,  
Yet divers trusty messengers I've sent,  
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience  
To give her some relief, but all in vain ;  
A churlish guard attends upon her steps,  
Who menace those with death that bring her comfort,  
And drive all succour from her.

*Dum.* Let 'em threaten ;  
Let proud oppression prove its fiercest malice ;  
So heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vow  
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.

*Bell.* Mean you to see her, thus, in your own form ?

*Dum.* I do.

*Bell.* And have you thought upon the consequence ?

*Dum.* What is there I should fear ?

*Bell.* Have you examin'd

Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisure  
The sev'ral secret springs that move the passions ?  
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,  
That wrath and vengeance never may return ?  
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid  
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep ?

*Dum.* Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory,  
To conjure up my wrongs to life again ?  
I have long labour'd to forget myself,  
To think on all time, backward, like a space,  
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being ;  
But thou hast peopled it again : revenge  
And jealousy renew their horrid forms,  
Shoot all their fires, and drive me to distraction.

*Bell.* Far be the thought from me ! my care was only  
To arm you for the meeting : better were it  
Never to see her, than to let that name  
Recall forgotten rage, and make the husband  
Destroy the gen'rous pity of Dumont.

*Dum.* Oh ! thou hast set my busy brain at work,  
And now the musters up a train of images,  
Which, to preserve my peace, I had cast aside,  
And sunk in deep oblivion—oh ! that form !  
That angel face on which my dotage hung !  
How I have gaz'd upon her ! till my soul  
With very eagerness went forth towards her,  
And issu'd at my eyes—was there a gem  
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,  
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields ;  
What was there art could make, or wealth could buy,  
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty ?  
What could her king do more ?—and yet she fled.

*Bell.*

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 39

*Bell.* Away with that sad fancy—

*Dum.* Oh ! that day !

The thought of it must live for ever with me.

I met her, Bellmour, when the royal spoiler

Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home !

Within his chariot, by his side she sat,

And listen'd to his talk with downward looks,

'Till sudden as the chanc'd aside to glance,

Her eyes encounter'd mine—oh ! then, my friend !

Oh ! who can paint my grief and her amazement !

As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale,

And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her ;

Then with a shriek, heart-wounding, loud she cry'd,

While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran

Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung—

Mov'd at her grief, the tyrant ravisher,

With courteous action woo'd her oft to turn ;

Earnest he seem'd to plead, but all in vain ;

Ey'n to the last she bent her sight toward me,

And follow'd me—till I had lost myself.

*Bell.* Alas ! for pity ! oh ! those speaking tears !

Could they be false ? did she not suffer with you ?

And tho' the king by force possest'd her person,

Her unconquering heart dwelt still with you ;

If all her former woes were not enough,

Look on her now, behold her where she wanders,

Hunted to death, distress'd on every side,

With no one hand to help ; and tell me then,

If ever misery were known like hers ?

*Dum.* And can she bear it ? can that delicate frame

Endure the beating of a storm so rude ?

Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd,

To court her appetite, and crown her board,

For whom the foreign vintages were pres'd,

For whom the merchant spread his filken stores,

Can she—

I treat for bread, and want the needful raiment,

To wrap her shiv'ring bosom from the weather ?

When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her ;

I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring,

Too rough to breathe upon her ; cheerfulness

Danc'd all the day before her, and at night

Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow—

Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,

Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain

Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,

Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.

It is too much—hence with her past offences,

They are aton'd at full—why stay we, then ?

Oh ! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.

## 40. The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

Bell. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,  
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers :  
Her guard, tho' set with strictest watch to keep  
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her  
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,  
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.  
Dion. Here let us then divide ; each in his round  
To search her sorrows out ; whose hap it is  
First to behold her, this way let him lead  
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together. [Exeunt.  
Enter Jane Shore, her Hair hanging loose on her Shoulders, and  
bare-footed.

J. Sh. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh ! my soul !  
For are not thy transgressions great, and numberless ?  
Do they not cover thee like rising floods,  
And press thee like a weight of waters down ?  
Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee ?  
And who shall plead against it ? who shall say  
To pow'r almighty, thou hast done enough ;  
Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay ?  
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours  
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,  
And lay thee down in death. The hireling thus  
With labour drudges out the painful day,  
And often looks with long expecting eyes  
To see the shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.  
And, hark ! methinks the roar that late pursu'd me,  
Sinks like the murmur's of a falling wind,  
And softens into silence. Does revenge  
And malice then grow weary and forsake me ?  
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,  
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,  
And loiter far behind. Alas ! I faint,  
My spirits fail at once — this is the door  
Of my Alicia — blessed opportunity !  
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,  
Now, while no eye observes me. [She knocks at the Door.]

Enter Servant.

Is your lady,  
My gentle friend, at home ? oh ! bring me to her. [Going in.  
Ser. Hold, mistress, whither wou'd you ? [Putting her back.  
J. Sh. Do you not know me ?  
Ser. I know you well, and knew my orders, too.  
You must not enter here — — —  
J. Sh. Tell my Alicia,  
'Tis I would see her.  
Ser. She is ill at ease,  
And will admit no visitor.  
J. Sh. But tell her  
'Tis I, her friend, the partner of her heart,  
Visit at the door and beg — — —

The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE. 41

Ser. 'Tis all in vain,—  
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.

[Shuts the door, and Exit.]

J. Sh. It was not always thus; the time has been,  
When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,  
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges,  
To give me entrance here; when this good house  
Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me;  
When my approach has made a little holy-day,  
And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me;  
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bles'd me,  
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,  
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!

[She sits down at the Door.]

Enter Alicia in Disorder; two Servants following.

Alic. What wretch art thou? whose misery and baseness  
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe  
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts  
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry.

J. Sh. A very beggar, and a wretch, indeed;  
One driv'n by strong calamity to seek  
For succours here; one perishing for want;  
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;  
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,  
A draught of water, and a little bread.

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?  
I know thee not—go—hunt for it abroad,  
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd it;  
Or cast it on the waters—mark the eagle;  
And hungry vulture, where they wind the prey;  
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed;  
And seek thy food with them—I know thee not.

J. Sh. And yet there was a time, when my Alicia  
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,  
And mourn'd that live-long day she pass'd without me;  
When pair'd like turtles, we were still together;  
When often as we prattled arm in arm,  
Inclining fondly to me she has swor'n,  
She lov'd me more than all the world besides.

Alic. Ha! say'ſt thou! Let me look upon thee well—  
'Tis true—I know thee now—A mischief on thee!  
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,  
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;  
Thou hast undone me—murder! oh my Hastings!  
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!  
Give him me back again, thou soft deluder;  
Thou beauteous witch—

J. Sh. Alas! I never wrong'd you—  
Oh! then be good to me; have pity on me;  
Thou never knew'ſt the bitternesses of want;  
And may'ſt thou never know it. Oh! before

42. *The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.*

Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table,  
A morsel to support my famish'd soul.

Alic. Avaunt ! and come not near me —————

J. Sh. To thy hand

I trusted all, gave my whole store to thee,  
Nor do I ask it back ; allow me but  
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,  
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.

Alic. Nay ! tell not me ! where is thy king, thy Edward,  
And all the smiling cringing train of courtiers,  
That bent the knee before thee ?

J. Sh. Oh ! for mercy !

Alic. Mercy ! I know it not—for I am miserable.  
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells ;  
This is her house, where the sun never dawns,  
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,  
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,  
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.  
Hark ! something cracks above ! it shakes, it totters !  
And see, the nodding ruin falls to crush me !  
'Tis fall'n, 'tis here ! I feel it on my brain !

1 Serv. This fight disorders her —————

2 Serv. Retire, dear lady —————

And leave this woman —————

Alic. Let her take my counsel :  
Why shouldst thou be a wretch ?—stab, tear thy heart,  
And rid thyself of this detested being,  
I wo'nt linger long behind thee here.  
A waving flood of blueith fire swells o'er me ;  
And now 'tis oat, and I am drown'd in blood.  
Ha ! what art thou ! thou horrid-headless trunk ?  
It is my Hastings ! See, he wafts me on !  
Away ! I go, I fly ! I follow thee !  
But come not thou with mischief-making beauty  
To interpose between us, look not on him,  
Give thy fond arts and thy delusions o'er ;  
For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[She runs off, her Servants following.

J. Sh. Alas ! she raves ; her brain, I fear, is tyrn'd.  
In mercy look upon her, gracious heav'n,  
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.  
Sure I am near upon my journey's end ;  
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,  
And dancing shadows swim before my sight ;  
I can no more ; flies down / receive me, thou cold earth,  
Thou common parept, take me to thy bosom,  
And let me rest with thee.

Enter Bellmour.

Bell. Upon the ground !  
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower,  
Look up, thou poor afflicted one ! thou mourner,

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 43

Whom none has comforted ! where are thy friends,  
The dear companions of thy joyful days,  
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,  
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,  
And bind thee to their bosoms ?—thus with thee,  
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,  
For sure thou art the sister of our loves,  
And nothing shall divide us—now where are they ?

J. Sh. Ah ! Bellmour, where indeed ! they stand aloof,  
And view my desolation from afar ;  
When they pass by, they shake their heads in scorn,  
And cry, behold the harlot and her end !  
And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me.  
Alas ! there may be danger, get thee gone !  
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head,  
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n  
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.

Bell. Yet raise thy drooping head ; for I am come  
To chase away despair. Behold ! where yonder  
That honest man, that faithful brave Dumont,  
Is hastening to thy aid —

J. Sh. Dumont ! ha ! where ! [Raising herself, and looking about.  
Then heav'n has heard my pray'r, his very name  
Renews the springs of life, and chears my soul.  
Has he then 'scap'd the snare ?

Bell. He has ; but see —  
He comes unlike to that Dumont you knew,  
For now he wears your better angel's form,  
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.

Enter Shore.

J. Sh. Speak, tell me ! which is he ? and ho ! what would  
This dreadful vision ! see it comes upon me.—  
It is my husband — ah !

[She swoons.

Sb. She faints ! support her !  
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial  
Into her dying lips — from spicy drugs,  
Rich herbs and flow'rs the potent juice is drawn ;  
With wond'rous force it strikes the lazy spirits,  
Drives them around, and wakens life anew.

Bell. Her weakness could not bear the strong surprize.  
But see, she stirs ! and the returning blood  
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle  
Upon her ashy cheek —

Sb. So — gently raise her — [Raising her up.

J. Sh. Ha ! what art thou ? Bellmour !

Bell. How fare you, lady ?

J. Sh. My heart is thrill'd with horror —

Bell. Be of courage —

Your husband lives ! 'tis he, my worthiest friend —

J. Sh. Still art thou there ! — still dost thou hover round me !  
Oh save me, Bellmour, from his angry shade !

## 44 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

Bell. 'Tis he himself!—he lives! look up—

J. Sh. I dare not!

Oh that my eyes could shut him out for ever—

Sb. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,  
To blast thy eyes with horror? since I'm grown  
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,  
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

J. Sh. Oh thou most injur'd—dost thou live, indeed?  
Fall then ye mountains on' my guilty head,  
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;  
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!  
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.

Sb. Why dost thou turn away?—why tremble thus?  
Why thus indulge thy fears? and in despair,  
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?  
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,  
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.  
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,  
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,  
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love,  
And all the longings of my first desires.

J. Sh. No; arm thy brow with vengeance; and appear  
The minister of Heav'n's inquiring justice.  
Array thyself all terrible for judgment,  
Wrath in thy eyes, and thunder in thy voice;  
Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be  
A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.

Sb. The measure of thy sorrows is complete;  
And I am come to snatch thee from injustice,  
The hand of pow'r no more shall crush thy weakness,  
Nor proud oppression grind thy humble soul.

J. Sh. Art thou not risen by miracle from death?  
Thy shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the grave  
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come  
The messenger of grace and goodness to me,  
To seal my peace, and bless me ere I go.  
Oh let me then fall down beneath thy feet,  
And weep my gratitude for ever there;  
Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,  
Give me your streams, ye never-ceasing springs,  
That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,  
And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.

Sb. Waste not thy feeble spirits—I have long  
Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance;  
Therefore my heart has set aside the past,  
And holds thee white, as unoffending innocence;  
Therefore in spite of cruel Gloster's rage,  
Soon as my friend had broke my prison doors,  
I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste,  
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,  
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.

*The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.* 45

J. Sb. What shall I say to you? but I obey—

Sb. Lean on my arm—

J. Sb. Alas! I'm wond'rous faint:

But that's not strange, I have not eat these three days.

Sb. Oh, merciless! look here, my love, I've brought thee  
Some rich conserves—

J. Sb. How can you be so good?

But you were ever thus; I well remember  
With what fond care, what diligence of love,  
You lavish'd out your wealth to buy me pleasures,  
Preventing every wish: have you forgot  
The costly string of pearl you brought me home,  
And ty'd about my neck?—how could I leave you?

Sb. Taste some of this, or this—

J. Sb. You're strangely alter'd—

Say, gentle Bellmour, is he not? how pale  
Your visage is become! your eyes are hollow;  
Nay, you are wrinkled too—alas the day!  
My wretchedness has cost you many a tear,  
And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.

Sb. No more of that—thou talk'st, but do'st not eat.

J. Sb. My feeble jaws forget their common office,  
My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,  
And now a gen'r'l loathing grows upon me—  
Oh! I am sick at heart!

Sb. Thou murd'rous sorrow! •  
Wo't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!  
Must she then die! oh my poor penitent,  
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:  
Grief masters ev'ry sense—help me to hold her—

Enter Catesby with a Guard.

Cat. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state.—

Bell. What means this violence!—

[Guards lay hold on Shore and Bellmour.

Cat. Have we not found you,  
In scorn of the protector's strict command,  
Assisting this base woman, and abetting  
Her infamy?

Sb. Infamy on thy head!  
Thou tool of power, thou pandar to authority!  
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,  
And she that bore thee was an *Aethiop* to her.

Cat. You'll answer this at full—away with 'em.

Sb. Is charity grown treason to your court?  
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?

I am content that we should die together—

Cat. Convey the men to prison; but for her,  
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.

J. Sb. I will not part with him—for me!—for me!  
Oh! must he die for me!

[Following him as he is carried off—She falls

## 46 The TRAGEDY of JANE SHORE.

Sb. Inhuman villains! [Breaks from the Guards.  
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her—  
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.

J. Sb. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?  
Oh let him go, ye ministers of terror.  
He shall offend no more, for I will die,  
And yield obedience to your cruel master.  
Tarry a little, but a little longer,  
And take my last breath with you.

Sb. Oh my love!  
Why have I liv'd to see this bitter moment,  
This grief by far surpassing all my former!  
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me,  
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,  
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning  
Thou couldst not speak?—

J. Sb. Forgive me! — but forgive me!  
Sb. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,  
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul  
Accords to thee, and begs of heav'n to shew thee;  
May such besal me at my latest hour,  
And make my portion blest or curs'd for ever.—

J. Sb. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace.—  
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now—  
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd you?  
But I have nothing left me to bestow,  
Nothing but one sad sigh. O mercy, heav'n! [Dies.]

Bell. There fled the soul,  
And left her load of misery behind.

Sb. Oh my heart's treasure! is this pale sad visage  
All that remains of thee; are these dead eyes  
The light that cheer'd my soul? oh heavy hour!  
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,  
Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.  
What, must we part, then? — will you—

[To the Guards taking him away.  
Fare thee well! — [Kissing her.  
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me

To bonds, or death, 'tis equally indifferent.

Bell. Let those, who view this sad example, know,  
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;  
And teach their children in succeeding times,  
No common vengeance waits upon these crimes,  
When such severe repentance could not save  
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave. [Exeunt.]



